

WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Tolmache Finds a Lesson in the Subjugated Israelite.

WE NEED MEN LIKE AGASSIZ

The Church of Today Has Allowed the Duties to Assume Too Much In Science and Literature.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 23.—The great meeting of many thousands from all parts of the north and west are gathered at the Masonic Lodge assembly, a Chautauqua held near this city. Now Dr. Tolmache thus foreseen, recurred to his great predictions on "dissolved Asia," the last being 18 months ago, he said, "Now, there was no such thing throughout all the land of Israel." etc.

My loving and kind salutation to this persecuted host, Chautauqua, Christians, Radicals, progress workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My love is gloriously appropriate. What a glorious subjection the Israelites were subjected to! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn down all the blacksmithy shops and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel.

These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always abominated them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these partly to work their wretched mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. You, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the hand of Israel, so that if an Israelite former wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the nation of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening implement left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the scythe, and the scythe, and the plow, a simple file, industry was hindered and were practically disgraced.

The grizzlies of those Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to wield this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones, on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, wretched Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But those Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and there two men, with their two swords, hear to pieces the Philistines. The Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was soon as it is now. The way of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

A CHAMBER WITHOUT WEAPONS.
Learn first from this—how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again, and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as, for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no axes, no iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. See the farmers, bearing along with their pickaxes and plows, and say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the camp of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ today. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has girdled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after awhile, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as ready off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpening instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the classrooms to stand beside the Lectures, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the sciences, and scholars to Christians to capture the seminaries and philosophical cartridges to capture the philosophy, and leaving Christians to take back the lecturing platform.

We want to send out against Schenck and Stevens and Remond of the past men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and against the added scientists a God-wielding Philistines and Hitchens and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swift and flying star of the Redemptor, and with ministerial summer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the fire of the perdition find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

We want to energy learned enough to discern of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with 800 wonderful conveniences and lots closing 30,000 or 30,000 times a day, all the muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall be unfeigned." And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful arrangements, membranes and vibrations, and its chain of small bones, and the auditory nerves, closing with the question, "He that planned the ear, shall blemish her?"

And we want some one able to exhort the members of Congress, let me

ring forth the poetry and the oratory of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in leaguer" with the truth, and "no stone in their compass shall lie against them. Oh, church of God, go out and capture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let all the printing press of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the speakers, and the editors and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel claim to possess these stores of Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

MORE CHRISTIAN ENERGY NEEDED.

Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible testifies that there was a very rich land—the land of Israel. It says, "The stones are free, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public intelligence of the day by the throat and make them his dust. If such eloquence were concentrated to the love of Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the ministrant to begin, and the pickaxes to plough, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnace, and so turned into howlers and carousers for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless.

The most of the Lord's battalions belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talents and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? Oh, the meanness that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Fortward." We had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now as the general and when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he cried his voice until 20,000 troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

THE TOOLS OF THIS CRUSADE.

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes get so well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and they went over to the garnisons of the Philistines to get their axes, and their spears, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, it there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let me go over and employ it for Christ's sake.

The fact is we fight with too dull implements. We hack and we mow when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their tools are, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their women, and we will use their grindstones, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get off Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward standing on Mars Hill and in crowded thoroughfares quoted their poetry and grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Helopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, but for the second time the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house in Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edge. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no noisy blower in this fight. We want no noise that cannot fill the trees. We want no good that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they bear the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank, while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject touches us on what a small allowance Philistines usually give a man. You, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spear and the sword; then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way in this world. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despairs the family and that family and keeps on until the whole nation is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, becomes his vice. Was he intelligent, it sends the sharpit to pull him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he popular and living, it makes him sullen and dead, and in reality he is dead.

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for Christ and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his tent before his knee knocked together, his physical courage not giving up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knee and said, "All, if you know where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that."

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want us to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the sword? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the people? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the strength of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be

rewards with the sweet fruits in houses of golden silence." He then, "The music comes out in a green. The birds burst the rust with rank poison. The singing breaks up of twisted smoke. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

The scripture was his jester, whence he drew.

Events to get the Christian and the Jew. An event when we will what we want. Oh, these men will each time to the quick.

Send with remittance of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theater as an idol of France; he sends a messenger to get a priest that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round, about him so dismal that the nurse dares not set foot for all the wealth of Europe see another infant.

Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garments, but in the last hour of life, when he needed clothing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his uncle in England only surpassed by his iniquity in Venice, then going on to his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, and fretting at his nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he was given to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted gloe is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican empire Montezuma said his feet gnawing at his heart something like a carker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes looks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally it runs and calls and tears and upbraids and files. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Ay, ay! it is so; it is so. The way of the wicked he turns up side down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were 12 vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor died the sky was black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! When I see robins robbing so many people, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on his ship rock thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks, but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares, "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God today. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough strength. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pow, or in palpit, or in a religious society, and holding that position against all opposition, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism.

The church of God today wants more backbone, more defiance, more courage. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and as the first blast of opposition comes, he collapses, and all his courage goes, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the world, with all their columns pointing at him, cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and white is going to stand by you, my soul, in every effort you make for Christ and the salvation of men.

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